

THE DOG TRAMP.

In a dingy depot where people come and go to and fro on missions in an endless flow, Perched upon the corner of the seat a puppy sat. Cooled his little head and wondered; very queer is that! Was he strayed or stolen, or had some corner late. Jumped aboard the train and left the puppy to his fate? If he had a human tongue a tale he could unfold. But puppies are not overwise, and so he never told. Just a baby puppy, awful lost, I guess. Ready to be taken care of without noor yes; Wants a little petting or a tender piece of meat. A saucer filled with milk, perhaps, or something else to eat. He's longing for a master, whether lord or whether scamp, But no one seems to notice him and so he starts his tramp. "Tien! very easy for a baby dog to find. His way among the crowded thoroughfares of human kind. He isn't old enough to fight, he can not hold his own. Against the wicked dogs that steal away his mutton bone. So sad and dirty on he drags along his lonely way. His eyes are blinded by the rain, his feet are clogged with clay. He finds a nook to shelter him beneath a stack of straw. And there he curls himself to sleep while hunger hangs his jaw. If dogs have dreamy visions, then the puppy sleeping there Partook of rarest viands in the night of his despair; For he woke up with a whimper and he looked around to see What the fairy god had brought him—but it was a dream, poor he! Over fields of greenest grass where daisies fair and white Lift up their pretty heads to his muzzle with delight. Along the dusty road that passes by the school-house door, The baby dog he wanders 'till his feet are cut and sore. The children want to pet him, but their parents drive away. The little dog because they say he isn't fit to stay. Awfully unkind he thinks it is to be a tramp, And he is just a baby dog and not a wicked scamp. He's whimpered at a dozen gates and begged at countless doors. But his kind soul will shelter him, however bad he pines. 'Tis very hard to be a dog, especially when young; How gladly would he tell his tale if he had human tongue. A house with many windows looms before his weary way; Perhaps the people there are kind enough to let him stay. 'Tis a paradise of paupers, old and young, the blind, the halt, The aged sire wrecked in life who can not earn his salt, The tender-hearted maiden and the rugged lad who scowls— They do not turn against the tramp nor drive the puppy off. The little pauper babies they divide their milk with him. Until he is quite satisfied that life is not so dim. He plays among the paddlers in the sand when sun is bright, He eats and sleeps among them, and he is a pauper, quite. —H. S. Keller, in *Yankee Blade*.

HIS VOCATION.

Which Was Caretaker to Six Unruly Boys and One Pretty Girl.

The wind was shrieking down Church-lane with a fixed determination to tear up the flights of yellow steps in front of the somber-looking houses on either side of the narrow, old-fashioned street. Many a yard had tried to accomplish this feat before, without success. They were very firm steps. Every morning servants performed wonderful operations upon them with water and clay. Poor old town, the aesthetic craze has not touched it yet. These steps led up into large, highly-respectable houses. Those who dwell in them were termed "the gentry" by the poorer people. Within one of the dining-rooms sat two lazy individuals before a large fire, their easy chairs so turned that they could watch the hard pellets of snow drive through the air down the street. "Guy Meredith, M.D.," was inscribed upon the brass plate on the front door of this house. The darker and lazier of the two men was Gilbert Rowell, a stranger to Church-lane, visiting his friend Guy. For some years he had been looking out for his special vocation, but up to the present had either passed it on the way or had not come up to it; therefore he spent his time in "waiting round" very comfortably. They were both silently smoking. Occasionally the eyes of Gilbert closed in slumber, and once his pipe fell out of his idle white hand, causing a subdued laugh to come from under Guy's mustache. That was all the sound there was within the room; outside, the howling of the wind and the monotonous cry of "Cockles e-live, all e-live," far up the street. In the house, straight opposite Dr. Meredith's, lived Lorrie Hindle, a girl of twenty-two. She reigned supreme over six unruly boys, her step-brothers, left to her care two years before, when the ship went down, taking both parents with her, into the stormy water. Poor Lorrie! What a charge she had! She loved those boys more than herself, but she had grown to feel very old and motherly. Jane down stairs, a stout, hard-working servant, thought she was the head of the house, and drove the refractory Irish girl about without mercy, but was very submissive to her young mistress without knowing it. Dr. Meredith got much innocent amusement out of this household, as "such as he could see through its windows, or when any of those wild young colts happened to half-kill themselves in some escapade, and he was suddenly fetched across. It was Wednesday afternoon, consequently half holiday at the exceedingly proper establishment called the Grammar School, and two boys were per-

forming like acrobats in the dining-room over the way; another was pulling himself up the Venetian blind cord; the youngest, a fat baby of three, was lustily screaming because he could not do likewise. The freighth shone brightly and revealed the tea-table all ready. Sister Lorrie had not yet entered the room.

"Gilbert, my boy, would you like to be transported into yonder Babel? That youngster's mouth speaks a terrible row, if the blast outside did not outdo it," murmured Guy to his sleepy friend.

"No, thanks; I may have a vocation somewhere awaiting me, but I'm pretty sure it is not that of a caretaker to the young."

All this time the monotonous cry was drawing nearer. Church-lane people might have set their time-pieces by poor old Timothy. For years he had come exactly at five in the afternoon, if not with cockles, then some other kind of fish. To-day his cry seemed to have a very mournful cadence in it; the tottering form could scarcely stand before the shrieking gale. One more call, which was not "Cockles e-live," and Timothy sank down on the yellow steps before Hindle's door, and seemed to be quite unconscious of both piercing wind and cockles. His silver hair was blown over his wrinkled brow, his eyes were shut, his battered hat was going far down the street, and many cockles rolled helplessly out on the yellow steps.

The two lazy men drew nearer the window in the doctor's house to watch, and the two boys in the opposite window dropped from the sill at so unusual a sight as Timothy taking a rest. Then the bold and dauntless Bobby drew out a catapult from his jacket pocket with wild exultation, opened the window, letting in such a gust of wind as effectually silenced the baby's howls, and straightway "shot at a venture," hitting poor old Timothy's brow with a stinging piece of paper. But it had no power to rouse him.

Dr. Meredith had drawn up his breath to laugh, but stopped to see what would happen next.

A girl's figure in black had come behind the group of boys, her large grey eyes were like some avenging angel's, her sleeves were short and showed a pair of pretty round and little white hands. She appeared like a spark of electricity for the moment, the two white hands made Bobby's ears to sing for half an hour afterwards, the window went down with a sharp report, and the two lazy men across the street murmured simultaneously:

"By Jove, she looks pretty when she's mad."

Another minute, and Lorrie came out of the door and ran down the steps to bend over old Timothy.

The wind blew her short brown curls wildly about and tried to tear off her dress as she spoke to the deaf old ears. She looked up and down the street to see if there was any one to help, but no one was in sight, until she glanced across at the opposite window, and both men obeyed the little peremptory nod of her head instantly. They reached the yellow steps together.

Dr. Meredith passed his soft, warm hand over the prostrate man's haggard forehead.

"Well?" asked Lorrie, eagerly.

"I must have the poor old fellow taken to the surgery; he seems in a bad way."

"No; please help me to get him into our dining-room; there's a great fire, and tea is ready; it may bring him round, poor old dear."

Gilbert Rowell tugged his mustache in a bewildered maze at the eager, rapid movements of the lovely girl before him, and in the whole course of his life he could not remember ever to have heard a "cockle man" called an "old dear."

Guy was seizing the old man under the arms, and said: "Here, Gilbert, catch hold of his feet," and with a start that gentleman obeyed, and Timothy was very soon resting on a warm sofa, after sundry picture books and toys had been swept away by Lorrie.

The six boys stood silently looking on, even the eldest, who had been reading "The History of a Wild Man, as related by himself," all the afternoon, had flung that interesting book on the floor, and with hands in his pockets, stood with his brothers. Only Bobby occasionally sniffed mournfully, unnoticed by all, however, but Mr. Rowell, who smiled to himself.

"What a change for a girl of sixteen," he said to himself, for he had determined in his own mind Lorrie was no more than a child.

"Cockles, sir?" muttered old Timothy, partially coming round.

"No," said Guy, kindly, "we don't want any this afternoon. Try and drink this, old boy."

He raised the silvery head and put the cup of tea to the cold lips, but they failed to drink. The doctor glanced up quickly at his friend for him to take his place.

"I'll run over to the surgery," he whispered.

"Is he dying?" asked Gilbert. But Guy only frowned, and Mr. Rowell lowered his great, lazy form into a kneeling position by the sofa. In another minute he was startled out of himself by a burst of passionate sobs, as Bobby flung himself over the old man's body.

"Oh, Timothy! Old Timothy, do forgive me; say I haven't killed you, do I never meant nothing, I didn't."

The faded eyes opened, and a wan smile went over the pale face.

"Bless you, poor little motherless bairn," he murmured, and his withered hand rested on Bobby's rough curls. Lorrie's eyes were brimming over with tears, and Gilbert felt that his eyelashes were troublesome.

"Timothy never felt the cruel blow, Bobby," she said, lifting the boy up from the couch. "I was angry with you, but poor Timothy did not feel it, dear; he won't suffer any thing much longer." Dr. Meredith cast a swift glance at the sofa, upon his return, then said:

"Go away, youngsters. Go down to Jane. We can't do with you here."

They trooped away slowly, Bobby still sobbing.

The twilight had gone, the fire shone up bravely; outside the wind howled on, as it had howled all day, and blew the cockles into crevices and holes about the yellow steps.

"Light and rest," murmured the old man; "sunshine; there's no cold river, as folks say. Where's the basket?" he added, suddenly rousing.

"Done with," said Gilbert Rowell, putting his warm, white hand, that had never worked in its life, gently upon the brown, horny one, growing cold in death. "You won't have to carry it any more."

"That's well, that's well; it was very heavy, very heavy."

Gilbert failed to suppress a sudden sob which caught his breath. Consequently being much ashamed, he glanced up at Lorrie, hoping she had not heard it, and he thought she had not done so.

"Rest and sunshine," muttered the old voice again, and Timothy had gone away from the shrieking wind, the heavy basket, and the scramble for life; and down Church-lane the well-known monotonous cry would never be heard any more.

It was the close of a perfect day, so hot and calm the soft ripples on the shore scarcely moved the pebbles, the red and white sails on the blue water hung helpless and slack. All day Gilbert Rowell had basked in the sunshine of Miss Maria Holdsworth's society, as well as in the sunshine of the summer's day. Now they were out on the shining water of the bay in a white boat. Maria was considered a beauty; she knew it, and thought Mr. Rowell knew it also.

His wide, old house was somewhere in that green haze which betokened the shore. Its clustered chimneys were discernable even from the boat. Miss Maria liked that house, and thought if ever she became its mistress, how easily the wild desolation of quaint flower gardens and scented orchards could be swept away to make lawns and respectable shrubberies. This thought was lingering in her head just then, making a little frown flicker over her eyebrows as she glanced at the handsome sunbrowned face before her, and she wondered what was in his mind.

Gilbert was straining his eyes shoreward, trying, if the truth was told, to make out the red tiled cottage clinging half way up the cliff, where eight souls (and bodies) were stowed away every night in such an incredibly small amount of space. Lorrie Hindle had brought out her six brothers and old Jane for a holiday of two months by the sea, and had taken this little hut, squeezing her charges in with much contrivance anyhow. Four always rushed out very early in the morning, waving bathing towels like banners, down to the shore.

But Mr. Rowell could not see the cottage now, and with a sigh he turned his attention to the beautiful Maria again. How swan-like she looked, he thought, as he helped her out of the boat a little while after, and walked with her along the smooth sand to the narrow track leading up the cliff. There was a fantastic hotel up yonder, fortunately out of sight of the village. It had been built a few summers before by an enterprising stranger. Maria and her mother had come to stay a short time at this unbecoming structure.

Gilbert's heart beat loudly as they wandered past the red-tiled cottage, not because the soft hand of Maria rested on his arm, but on account of childish voices coming through tiny windows up there under the eaves, and Lorrie's clear tones answering:

"Yes, dears, it is sure to be fine to-morrow."

"Another one," shouted somebody, and Gilbert distinctly heard a resounding kiss in the warm air, followed by a boy's noisy laughter.

As he said "Good night" half an hour later to the reluctant Maria, a hot blush surged over his face. He could not tell the reason why she looked up at him half questioning with her hand in his, but Gilbert appeared to be occupied with his own thoughts, and went off down the path again, instead of up towards his own home, when he left her.

He soon reached the cottage again. Lorrie was outside now, leaning on the rugged garden wall, gazing over the glory-flooded sea; her wide hat was on the ground, and her short curls all careless upon her forehead.

"Mr. Rowell," she said, with a start and an uneasy laugh, for this was the third night he had arrived exactly at the same time. She looked at her rather strangely, she thought. As he took a seat on the low wall, and swung one lazy leg backwards and forwards, he made a picture of indolence, in his boating flannels and straw hat tipped back.

What comparison was there between Maria and this girl? Why, one had dresses without number, and wonderful bewitching artifices, along with wealth and worldly knowledge; the other, big gray eyes, rich red lips, tumbled curly hair, three dresses, just enough of this world's goods to get along with, and six unruly boys to mind, which nothing would make her leave; no, not the King of England.

Gilbert swung his leg more rapidly now. After a long silence, Lorrie said, gently:

"A penny for your thoughts," and looked into Gilbert's eyes; then blushed fiercely at what she saw there, and moved a yard or two away from him.

In the corner of the little garden, on a summer seat, made out of the end of an old boat, sat Hal, the eldest of the six boys. He was too old to retire with his brothers. He was finishing a terrible daub in water-colors of the cottage, rain-tub and wall. The rain-tub in his picture looked more like the cottage, and the cottage like the tub. But Hal was satisfied; he went on some time quite happily, not giving any of his valuable attention to the pair on the wall, and perfectly unnoticed by them.

After a time he became aware that Lorrie was sobbing; then he both stared and listened intently. The old tale, "I love you," was repeated once again, Gilbert's arm was around the white muslin, the curly brown head was resting at last on the white flannel jacket; the old, old sun was going down in fiery gold once more, when Hal burst out of his corner and stood up like a young warrior before the startled lovers.

"You can't take away my sister Lorrie, Mr. Rowell," he gasped, "I'll tell you that; I'll fight you before you shall," and his dirty fists doubled instinctively, and Lorrie sprang up.

"Hal, dear, don't be rude. I'm not going to leave you. Mr. Rowell is going to take all of us. Just fancy, all of us, and old Jane; and we shall live at his house up there, where you can see the light still lingering in the windows. There are gardens and trees, and, oh! heaps of rooms, and every thing; and Hal, you must be good. You will, I know."

The boy turned a bewildered gaze at Gilbert, speechless for a minute, then, seizing hold of the man's large hand in both his own, said:

"I always said you were real bully, and you are regular bully," and with a whoop like a savage, he cleared the intermediate space between the wall and cottage at a bound, mounted the narrow staircase, and went noisily into his brothers' room. Awakening them, he began to relate the good news, with great elation, from the back of a chair.

Lorrie looked up at the handsome philanthropist on the garden wall, and said, with a sigh: "They will be a heap of trouble to you, I'm afraid."

"Never," said Gilbert, bravely.

"What are the whole six of them thrown in, if a fellow gets such a girl as you?"

So it was settled, and as they rambled along the yellow sand, in the gathering gloom, they talked of old Timothy, whose death had brought them together that cold windy day, but they thought not about Maria Holdsworth, or of the old saying "Men were deceivers ever." The white boat was lying on its side now, on the bare shore, and the pair of lovers sat down on it to rest. Gilbert suddenly realized that it was only that very afternoon Maria and he had wandered on the cliffs, and only two hours before had floated in this very boat together on the blue sea.

Ah, well, he had found his vocation at last, and after all it was to be caretaker to six unruly boys and one pretty girl, and, strange to say, he was satisfied. —Flo Jackson, in *Leed's Mercury*.

NEW ENGLAND IDIOMS.

Some of the Noticeable Peculiarities of the Yankee Dialect.

The drawing and twisting of vowels is by no means characteristic of Vermonters, nor of Yankees in general. It is true that the offensive sounds are heard here, but it is also true that they belong to the more illiterate people, as specially imperfect speech always does, and that they are by no means confined to the six States. This peculiarity of speech, the one thing most insisted upon by writers upon Yankee dialect from first to last, and commonly accepted as the great characteristic of the people, is to-day heard more in New Jersey than anywhere in the six States so far as I know, and is found more or less in almost all parts of the country. Again, while it is true that some genuine Yankees, and whole communities of them, drop the "h" in such words as "when" so far as my observation goes, they are not many.

The country around Boston shows this peculiarity, but I have never met it elsewhere in New England, and here it is utterly unknown. This, however, is an English thing that is preserved in England, as well as here, and may be met with in many parts of the country. Another matter of a larger sort than mere pronunciation, which is found among Yankees as well as other people, is the redundant use of negatives. Some members of the race in this section are very ingenious in piling them up, as may appear by a couple of instances "taken from life," thus:

"I don't 'pose there ain't nobody seen nothin' o' no old fat cat nowhere?"

"I don't 'pose you don't know of nobody that don't want to hire nobody to do nothin'?"

It will be observed that both these instances are questions, and that each begins with the "I don't 'pose," which comes so very often in Yankee speech. But this use of negatives is not peculiar to the Yankee any more than the drawl, although it is much more common in this locality. And in relation to the misuse of vowels one curious thing that I have noticed is a tendency to reverse the proper sound of "a" in some cases. Thus a great many people in this section, if speaking the "path to the pasture," will have the "a" in the first word as in the "last," and in the last one as in "far," exactly reversing the proper places. The thing holds true with a great many similar words.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

—There is no man so bad but has a secret respect for the good.

COLD STORAGE ROOM.

The Principles Involved and the Simplest Plan of Construction.

The cold storage system is gradually growing into favor as its practicability becomes known. Where a constant low and dry temperature can be maintained the principle is no longer a secret. Nor is it necessary that the room be made of any particular size or form. It must, however, be thoroughly insulated in regard to keeping the walls impervious to circulating currents of air, except those necessary for ventilation, which should be small and perfectly controllable. A plan of a very good room is given by the California Fruit Grower, as follows: Erect a frame lined upon the inside with heavy paper and varnished with shellac, then ceiling and floored with tongue and groove material, 5-8 or 3-4 inch thick. Varnish the entire inner surface. Before putting down the paper lining and floor, fill in between the framing dry sawdust and pulverized charcoal mixed. Board up the outside with tightly matched boards, filling in as you board up with the sawdust and charcoal, as well as every part of the top, excepting the door for putting in the ice.

The door for entrance to the room must be made to shut against broad jams and angular closures like an iron safe, so that it can not stick by swelling. It should be made by framing and packing with sawdust and charcoal, in the same manner as the room, which should be from 12 to 15 inches between the walls. Frame an opening in the ceiling large enough to let in a galvanized sheet-iron box of sufficient size to hold as much ice as you may wish to store, or about one-tenth of the capacity of the whole room. The ice-chamber should be fitted into the opening tight, with a flange all around the top. It may be made of No. 18 or 20 galvanized sheet-iron.

To the bottom attach a coil of galvanized iron or lead pipe, running two or three times around the room, hanging on hooks or brackets, just below the level of the ice-box. Pass the end of the coil through to the outside of the room and terminate in an inverted siphon, so as to retain the water within the coil up to a level just below the bottom of the ice-box. This is for the purpose of economizing the cold from the waste water by circulating it around the room. From the cross beams of the ceiling, as bearings for the weight of the ice, place two or three straps of square iron, of a size sufficient for carrying the weight of the ice you intend putting in. Let them hang upon the inside of the galvanized iron box to within an inch of the bottom. Upon these straps lay a hardwood grating. Make a galvanized iron cover to fit tightly over the ice chamber, and a wooden one to close over the iron one. To prevent the water which may be condensed upon the outside of the ice-chamber from dripping down upon the goods, make the bottom of the ice-chamber bulge downward, so that the condensed drops will run to the center, or one side, where a small pan may be hung with a small pipe leading to the outside of the cold room, and a siphon attached to prevent ingress of air. The ice chamber may now be charged with its full capacity of ice, and if a very cold room is required, sprinkle a layer of salt between each layer of ice. This is seldom used for such rooms.

The principle upon which this cold room is constructed is that there shall be no communication between the ice with its moist vapor and the air of the cold room. Any moisture made by cooling of the air, and which is precipitated upon the iron surface of the ice chamber, is at once conveyed out of the room by the drip pan and its pipe. Hence there is no need of any special ventilation, more than what will naturally occur by the use of the door and the small leakage through its crevices. The ice chamber requires no ventilation, hence economizes the ice to the best advantage, while the water from the melting ice is turned to the best account by circulating around the room in the waste pipe. The best temperature for eggs and fruit is about 30 degrees or any temperature below 40 degrees and above freezing, where this kind of stock is often changing by sale. If stock is to lie for a considerable time, 34 degrees should be obtained if possible.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Valuable Hints to Farmers.

A clever trick has just come to light. For instance, if a person thinks of dealing in onions, or cabbages, or any similar commodity in the fall he advertises in the spring for persons to raise them for him on contract. This brings a multitude of applications, which he answers after a few weeks' delay, saying his contracts are full. He is careful to tell what prices he agreed to pay, which are pretty well up. In closing his letter he says he shall be in the market, however, for such goods, and when they are ready for shipment he desires to be informed. This kind of talk induces most growers to plant a full stock. By this means the cunning dealer will know right where to find what he wants when the time comes, but of course prices will be way down then, and he will buy at almost his own figures.—N. Y. Tribune.

Among those who have for many years been in Government employment are the widow of the Confederate General Pickett, who led the famous charge on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, and a daughter of Jackson, who shot Colonel Ellsworth. Both these ladies—the widow of General Pickett and the daughter of Jackson—were appointed to department positions by a Republican administration.

A QUAKER SETTLEMENT.

A Quaint Resort Near the Highlands of the Hudson.

Full of interest and charm is this early settlement of the Quakers up among the breezy Highlands, at an altitude of over thirteen hundred feet. We had heard of Mizzent-Top Hotel, but, like the man in the story Admiral Worden so cheerfully tells against himself, didn't know but it was "some old sailor boarding-house." Admiral Worden, one of the "fathers" of the place, called the highest mountain, which is on his own estate, "Maintop," and when the question of naming the new hotel arose, he suggested that if the other mountain was "main" this was certainly "mizzent," and a more appropriate name could hardly be found. Across the broad piazzas and through the airy halls blows as stiff and cool a breeze as plays through ship's rigging; heat and discomfort are entirely forgotten, and the extended view of soft-rolling country reminds one of a summer sea, while as far as the eye can reach stretches the blue line of the Catskills.

Spots of historic interest are not wanting in the neighborhood, for a twenty minutes' walk brings us to the door of the ancient meeting-house of the Friends, built in 1764, and used eleven years later, during the war of independence, as a hospital for Revolutionary soldiers. In the year 1773 General Lafayette had his headquarters near by, and not far from the fountain spring of the Croton, which rises just above the quaint and artistic summer residence and studio of Mrs. E. M. Scott, of New York City. We drove over to the old Hicksite Church and entered within its quaint doors, with their huge iron locks. It has a large seating capacity, although the modern mind pauses in wonder at the narrowness of the benches, until the simple and unobtrusive dress of the worshippers of that long-ago period is remembered. Many a story attaches to this edifice, built of oaken timbers to withstand the storms of another century. According to the records it cost to build £236, and there is enough material used upon it to erect four modern structures of its size. During the year 1778 a considerable detachment of troops was stationed at Pawling, and for a time General Washington had his headquarters there. There seems to be good authority for the statement that he took up his residence at the old Kirby House, at the foot of Quaker Hill, and Mrs. Akin, mother of the late Judge Akin, used to tell the story of its occupation in this way:

"One day two aide-de camps rode up to the door and inquiring for Mr. Ferris, informed him that General Washington would like to make his home there for a few days. Mr. Ferris consented and to notify all intruders that this was the home of the Commander-in-Chief the officers fastened a paper to the front door reading thus: 'Head-quarters of General Washington.' Mrs. Ferris and the girls at once set themselves at preparing the best chamber for the General and the second best for the staff officers, and soon their illustrious guest arrived and was shown to the south chamber, over more to be known as Washington's room."—Cor. Chicago Journal.

How and When to Drink Water.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the full or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, as we are taught, but passes along quickly between the food and lesser curvature toward the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestines. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of its liquid portion is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition it becomes coated with this mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be taken with great advantage taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has been found so beneficial.—Medical Record.

Quaker Place for a Nest.

On the arrival of a passenger train at Derby the other day the carriage tapper found in the spring of a horse box a thrush's nest full of eggs in process of incubation. This is an instance of the migration of birds, which even White, of Selborne, had not the opportunity of observing. The passion for travel has been hitherto supposed to be confined to the featherless bipeds, and even among them it is usually repressed when they are expecting an addition to their families. What could have been the train of circumstances which led the bird to build in a railway train? It is possible that they may have been deceived by the carriage tapper. "The woodpecker," says the poet, "makes stiller by his sound the inviolable quietness," and perhaps they confused his note with that of the railway official; "the spring" of the horse box may also have contributed to their mistake. Perhaps the naturalist, however, may have some other explanation to offer.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, the last of a family that came over in 1635, is said to be still living in a house at Dedham, Mass., that was brought over in the year mentioned and located on its present site at that time. The Fairbanks scale men came of this family.